

COURIER SERVICE SPREADS NET OVER TWO CONTINENTS

Greyhounds Unrivaled as
Means of Rapid A.E.F.
Communication

LINK ALL ARMY INTERESTS

Narrow Escape from Death and
Constant Eluding of Spies
All in Day's Work

Throughout the thick of the fighting, over dark and foggy and shell-torn roads, on merchant and war vessels, in crowded cities filled with frightened refugees, on trains, in automobiles, motorcycles and aeroplanes, they have been met, these Yanks with the white or silver greyhound racing over a blue field on their shoulders. With pistols and belts, and pouches across their shoulders, they have been spreading all over the world—Odessa, London, Constantinople, Berlin, Archangel, Washington, Paris—the links of the great chain which has joined together every American interest on the globe.

They are official couriers, members of the A.E.F., and also functioning in conjunction with the Peace Conference, the Food Administration and the various American Embassies. The insignia of the racing greyhound has been made more famous than the celebrated "King's Messengers" by Yanks who not long ago were doing squads east and west in training camps back home.

Today these men, nearly all chosen from all branches of the American Expeditionary Forces, are coming and going every hour of the day and night. They are hound with dispatches, orders, and news. They are flying by aeroplane across the old, shadow-haunted battlefields, they are probing into the very depths of Poland and Czechoslovakia, they are carrying word to the world's press more communication with Germany herself.

Institution a Necessity

However, their present work is but a development of the work they have done long before the armistice was signed. In the spring of 1918, the success of the entire operations of the A.E.F. was threatened by terrible delays in communication between Washington and Europe. The cables were crowded, the civil postal service was bordering upon disorder, and it was the rule, rather than the exception, for dispatches to require from four to six weeks to pass between Washington and isolated troops in France.

Early in April, 1918, a small group of officers, then in the command of the American Expeditionary Forces, decided to establish a courier service between Washington and G.H.Q. of the A.E.F. Within a month they had cut in a new line of communication, a dispatches service, and through all the difficulties and delays that more than 100 couriers have experienced between Europe and America, an average time of less than 11 days from Paris to Washington has been maintained, and one speedy Greyhound has hung up a record of seven days and six hours between the American and French capitals.

From mere communication overseas the service soon spread to meet additional requirements within Europe, and in July, 1918, it was taken over by the A.E.F. under which it has reached its present state of development.

Soft Job for Somebody

Most of the couriers between Washington and Paris are sent by the Chief of Staff at the United States capital, but many on the return trip consist of casuals, officers and men. Pretty soon for the courier who is chosen to accompany an officer, for he sleeps in a first-class cabin and he eats very good food; and the courier is the first man off when the ship lands in Europe. Even when a transport runs aground, as the Northern Pacific did off Fire Island, does not deter the couriers. They were the first off at that time, and they were the last on.

No Delays at Brest

They would be the first off at Brest, where arrangements had been made to receive them, and place them on the first available train for Paris. These arrangements now are in charge of the Postal Express Service. On the way to Paris the couriers are dropped off at Le Mans. At Paris they are sorted out, those for G.H.Q. going on to Chaumont in charge of the same courier, whose ship in Paris is only a few hours. London courier then leaves for the British capital via Boulogne.

Service Into Germany

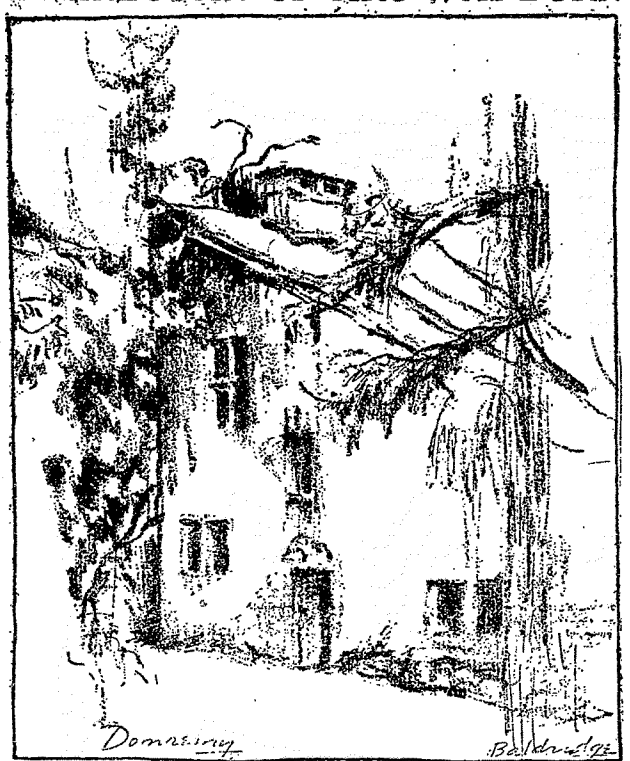
Couriers for Berlin leave Paris for Cologne night after night. The couriers, comprising an officer and a non-com, leave Third Army Headquarters at 3 p.m., reach Cologne two hours later, pick up some British mail, are assigned to a steamer, and discover they have suffered their arrival in the German capital the following evening. They return the next night.

Close Call for Courier

On this day the machine had soared successfully over almost the whole of the devastated area, flying at an altitude of about 2,000 feet when suddenly something happened to the controls and down went the machine for 2,000 feet. Then, by a miracle, the planes caught the air, and changed the spin to a prescient glide. It was only for an instant but it was enough to check the fall. The machine crashed to the ground, a total wreck.

The establishment of the three Belgian peasants who rushed to the scene, not only were the courier and the pilot able to extricate themselves from the debris but the Greyhound was able to rest on the nearest road, commander an automobile and continue on his way to Brussels with his precious dispatches. Only then did he stop to take a physical inventory, to discover he had suffered a broken nose, a dislocated shoulder, and a sprained wrist. The Yank courier has serious work to do all the time. In few other activities is

WHERE JOAN OF ARC WAS BORN



Domremy, the tiny village which is one of the great shrines of France because Joan of Arc was born there, has never been either a camping place or a leave area for American troops but, by hook or crook, thousands upon thousands of them have managed to make the pilgrimage. From now, not an hour of the day passes without some Yankee crossing the threshold of the little house which was the home of the Maid. It has been so since the first contingent went into training in Lorraine.

That was in July, 1917, when the meager beginnings of the A.E.F. were established in the neighborhood of Neufchâteau and Condreux. The road between the two towns, not much more than a good brisk hour's walk from either. Then, too, it is on the main highway from Chaumont to Toul, so that every motorcade, car, truck or ambulance that made the run rumbled past Joan's father's house and the old village church which guards jealously the font at which she was baptized. The level road, naturally made no mention of Domremy, but it would be a poor driver who could not manage a happy breakdown there.

At Chaumont never quite recognized Domremy as an American area. Domremy does. Though American soldiers are not supposed to be in Domremy at all, the Hotel de

There is so much need of energy, initiative, cheerfulness and determination. The messenger travels through countries where a state of war exists, where arms have been laid down but where peace has not been declared. He has need of initiative, devotion to duty, of philosophy and insight in the overcoming of every obstacle. He must be American to the core, he must have tact, judgment, quick decision, nerve, and the innate aptitude for dodging difficulties or getting out of unavoidable ones.

"It Keeps You Going"

The other day one was asked if he liked his job. He had just arrived from Belgrade after eight nights on trains without heat or light. He had been in two fights with deserters, and two of the nights of the trip he had to sit up with drawn revolver over his head. He was tired, dirty, worn out. Yet he was ready, after a sleep and a bath, to head for Berlin.

"Like it?" he repeated in astonishment. "It's great stuff. It keeps you going." Couriers leaving for Constantinople go by train to Rome and by American yacht through the Mediterranean, the Aegean Archipelago and the Sea of Marmara, and thence to Constantinople. The courier's communication with the Near East. This diplomatic courier service is done by about 70 officers, representing almost every branch of the service, aviators, staff officers, medical officers, engineers, honor men from the front, and men who have rendered distinguished service in the headquarters of the Service of Supply in private life they represent a variety of pursuits—lawyers, business men and others.

Battle With Spies

Foreign spies, of course, are not ignorant of the work of the couriers and the methods they have employed to maintain possession of important papers, as well as the clever methods whereby the aggressive Americans circumvented them from one of the most thrilling chapters in the history of the war. At present they are a scolded book, and in many instances the true story of certain trips will never be told. In certain neutral countries, always hotbeds of intrigue, the couriers must be constantly on their guard. More than one Yank, worn out by the rigors of travelling amid changing conditions, and with to be called out within him for relaxation, has received a most polite and hospitable invitation to dine out. Generally the idea is subtly conveyed that there will be charming food, undoubtedly port and wine.

But it is against such traps that he is especially warned—and a motion picture of the refusal, when thrown on some screen, would undoubtedly portray a square-headed, bearded Boche spy chattering his teeth in mortification.

Nor must important papers be left in any courier's luggage in hotels for one of the most common practices of countries seeking information through underground channels is to put a staff of spies into hotels as waiters, chambermaids and servants, where they could reach out on the guest's luggage at their leisure.

Vienna a Chief Center

Vienna has served as one of the most important centers of couriers' work. Here offices have been established in the American Embassy and daily couriers go out to Berlin, Warsaw, Trieste, Prague, Bucharest and Belgrade. When the first American courier went into Austria, the major in charge of the service, accompanied by six couriers, went with the party, traveling by train to Vienna. At the time was still under the gloom of war. Wild rumors were afloat as to what would happen to any Americans who might fall into the hands of roving bands of desperate soldiers, deserters, or roving Reds. Yet nothing really happened, nothing except that the Yanks established and maintained the lines of communication.

Not a little excitement was caused in Berlin when the first messengers from the occupied territory arrived in the German capital only two days after the Spartacists had thoroughly shot up certain portions of the town. The couriers, of course, are in American uniform, and this fact did not help to mitigate the feeling against them. But Berlin, though autumn, must, perforce, stand by and acquiesce.

One of the most crushing blows that has been dealt the Hun war spirit has been the infiltration of an aerial courier route between Berlin and Munich, with the former German bombing planes. This was accomplished some time ago, and now the Yanks are using the instruments of war which formerly spread terror, death and havoc over London and Paris to carry messengers who are hastening the re-establishment of the peace of the world.

SPUDS FOR ARMY'S MESSES NOW GROWN IN PARK OF KINGS

Garden Service Plantation at
Versailles Would Open
Huns' Eyes

One of these days the German peace delegates now forgerthcoming at Versailles may be allowed to take a short walk out of the Hotel des Reservoirs into the rear gardens of the palace and be introduced to a brand-new reason why they were wise guys to quit this war stuff when they did.

Just short of 1,000 acres of the farm lands of the old kings of France are thriving mightily there, bearing abundant crops to the constant labor of the many O.D.-clad farmers scattered over the landscape whistling as they go behind the plow and the hoe. And this is but one of 22 bulk-production farms operated by the Garden Service of the Q.M.C.

The purpose of the service was originally to supply the man in the front line with a daily allowance of fresh, crisp vegetables which were considered requisite to his physical upkeep. The Gally farm on the palace grounds of Versailles was turned over to the Q.M.C. last spring and a couple of hundred conscientious peasants took the Versailles potatoes to gain back rugged strength while helping to bring nourishment to their confederates at the front.

Spring Would Have Told Story

The crops planted last year did not yield the abundance desired mainly because so much experimentation had to be done on the old soil worked by new and strange masters. Acre upon acre, however, was turned over and manured to get ready for a season of real crops this year. When the armistice was signed the winter work had all been completed and the huskies in blue denim uniforms were busy with the potatoes of the newly-arrived battalion or regular American farming implements.

It looked for a while as though the good work was going into the straits, for with the cessation of hostilities, the supply of labor from the hospitals dwindled down to almost nothing. However, for the spring plowing, there were 100 per cent Americans of a color scheme all the way from ebony-polished to dull, to café-au-lait.

The farm is to be kept up through this season and as a result, the Army of Occupation on the Rhine will receive some daily supplies of such essentials to an Army mess as onions, potatoes, carrots, spinach, parsnips, cabbage and beans, green and white.

ANANIAS WAS A PIKER COMPARED TO SOME FOLKS WE MIGHT NAME

From reading the newspapers these days, one is forced to believe that there are no reporters left in the United States but who can tell one how it feels to be gassed. The returning soldiers and Marines are certainly throwing over a gas burrage, and the reporters stand around and swallow the fumes.

Editor, THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Recently my folks gave one of my letters to the service, and somehow it was mixed up with another letter and published. Mixing the other letter in with it made me out an awful liar, and I would hate to have my comrades see it. Please don't publish it, your liars column in THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Granted! This was probably a mix-up, and the soldier under whose name it was published is not to blame. But when several letters addressed to the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES explain life in instances as "mix-ups"—well, somebody is guilty!

THE STARS AND STRIPES is in receipt of hundreds of letters from soldiers in the A.E.F. protesting against certain articles which have appeared in United States papers. It is impossible to publish all the scandals and expose all the wrongs. One of the latest accusations appears in the Rocky Mountain News, running as follows:

Montrose, Colo., March 9.—Oscar Boateng, giant young Ghanaian player, who was the sensational first baseman for the Boston Red Sox, was found to be a man in a soldier's uniform. The father, Dr. H. Boateng, was charged last week to read a letter from his son, who was in the army, to his mother. The letter was found to be a forgery. The father, Dr. H. Boateng, was charged last week to read a letter from his son, who was in the army, to his mother. The letter was found to be a forgery.

They were reprimanded by their superior officers, who found the letter was a forgery. The father, Dr. H. Boateng, was charged last week to read a letter from his son, who was in the army, to his mother. The letter was found to be a forgery.

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A BUCK'S DIARY

Proving That Tops, Majors, Cooks, and Looeys
What Has Been Put Hep by Tops Ain't
No Friends of Nobody

Sunday, April 13.—Well, this is Sunday and I've been on K.P. all day as usual. One of the cooks got sassy long about 4 p.m. and wouldn't behave himself so I started to come at me and I bluffed him one on the left ear which I guess will hold him for a day or two. Wanted to go down town to the picture show but the cook says no. I had boys who fight cooks can't have no passes he says. It's been a pretty day all day and I had a date with my demellee too. But she's fussy. Anyway I bet I won't be on K.P. next Sunday. I been a kitchen cop for two Sundays now. My diary is all up to date from the time I got this K.P. job which was the first day I was in the Army. Going to bed now. We have to get up early.

Monday, April 14.—I always hate to get up Monday. Being that I didn't get no rest yesterday I kind of took a extra snooze and first thing I knowed away went the bugle for reveille and before I could get my socks on the old Top blew his whistle. I was in such a hurry to get out that I left my leggings off and when I got out in line first thing the Top seen was my legs. Where in hell you been he says. And where is your leggings? Stop staying out so late at night he says. And then meebly you can get up in the morning. That was sure a swell thing for him to say to a guy who went to bed at 7:30 the night before. Well I drilled all forenoon on account of it. Of course I would of had to drill anyway but the Top put the loot wise about me and he had me doing extra drill. He said I was being a little bit of a fool. Well I know what it was for. This afternoon we had to dig a new latrine and tonight I am too tired to go to the picture show. I am sure going to get enough sleep tonight and when the Top says I will be first up in the morning. Tuesday, April 15.—This morning I heard first call blow but went back to sleep because I was sick at the stomach. Got up while Top was giving setting-up exercises but didn't go out yet. Went on sick call after breakfast to keep from getting bawled out but will make the Top see I sure got hell. The Top said if I was sick I hadn't ought to eat, etc. The doc said I wasn't sick and rote dooty on the sick book. So when I come back to the kitchen I will make the Top see I will have to stay in camp for two nites without a pass. Don't care much anyway because I am working on a desk for the mess sergeant which I will make the Top see when he sees it. Charlie Chaplain film is on at the cinema Thursday and Friday so I will go Friday. Heard today the division will be going home on 23th of

April. Colonel's orderly says we will be home by May 10th and he ought to know if anybody does. Spent afternoon cleaning fussee for inspection tomorrow. We have most inspections anyway. Wednesday, April 16.—Got up at 5 a.m. and was in line ready for reveille before Top woke up. He was sure surprised because I was in line. I forgot all about not getting a haircut last week and that's the first thing the major saw. He asked me if I was going to brush it or what. I bet you he ain't no worse than his pants, which has got a hole in the seat. That's the way it goes. I cleaned up my bun so it shined like a brand new frank and he didn't even look at it. Didn't drive any this afternoon. Shot craps out back of the latrine and lost 16 francs. Two of them was Napoleon francs so I only lost 14. Heard more dope about the division going home but I ain't sure. I will go to bed now. May 1st sure. Our battalion will be first to go. Hope so.

Thursday, April 17.—More drill. The corporal put me in as No. 1 man in front rank and then bawled me out because I didn't know how to hold the pivot. Am now back in old place. Well, I suppose I have to make do with it. Had gold fish and stew. This is my last nite in camp. Buck saw Charlie Chaplain film and it was great. Am going tomorrow nite with my French friend.

Friday, April 18.—It is certain now that division will leave for Brest on April 29th. Today I mailed some souvenirs to Maggie. Went to picture show tonight but didn't go. Got up while Top was giving setting-up exercises but didn't go out yet. Went on sick call after breakfast to keep from getting bawled out but will make the Top see I sure got hell. The Top said if I was sick I hadn't ought to eat, etc. The doc said I wasn't sick and rote dooty on the sick book. So when I come back to the kitchen I will make the Top see I will have to stay in camp for two nites without a pass. Don't care much anyway because I am working on a desk for the mess sergeant which I will make the Top see when he sees it. Charlie Chaplain film is on at the cinema Thursday and Friday so I will go Friday. Heard today the division will be going home on 23th of

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Friday, April 18.—It is certain now that division will leave for Brest on April 29th. Today I mailed some souvenirs to Maggie. Went to picture show tonight but didn't go. Got up while Top was giving setting-up exercises but didn't go out yet. Went on sick call after breakfast to keep from getting bawled out but will make the Top see I sure got hell. The Top said if I was sick I hadn't ought to eat, etc. The doc said I wasn't sick and rote dooty on the sick book. So when I come back to the kitchen I will make the Top see I will have to stay in camp for two nites without a pass. Don't care much anyway because I am working on a desk for the mess sergeant which I will make the Top see when he sees it. Charlie Chaplain film is on at the cinema Thursday and Friday so I will go Friday. Heard today the division will be going home on 23th of

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